

© Fabienne Kuenzli, Dr. en Psychologie, Spécialiste en Psychothérapie FSP
Ne pas reproduire à des fins commerciales

Thursday, December 07, 2000

Dear Mike,

Since this week I was on training, I thought about writing you a letter sharing with you some thoughts I have had. Please note that our next appointment will be on:

December the 12th at 6pm.

I am often thinking about how hard this has been for you these last few years, since your dad died. The death of your beloved father must have been such a horrible shock and an unspeakable sadness. At these times, turmoil is so profound; sometimes you thought you were going to sink. I could see Mike how excruciating this loss has been for you, to the point that maybe you thought you would never make it. Of course for me it is easy to see and don't have to face the pain daily. You must have been so sad and desperate to think that only alcohol could help. The you realized alcohol was not your friend, it could only lead to more troubles. You know how troubles like troubles.

I know how devastating it was for mom as well, because I have seen her tears. I am sure for your sister Sam it was also real tough, maybe, as you said Mike, she just has a different way of expressing.

I wanted to remind you of a learning you and I did together about grief and pain:

"Sometimes crying on the outside means that you are no longer crying on the inside. Crying on the inside is lonely, it drowns your strengths."

I would imagine that you have a whole lot of crying to do. You know now that it is right and proper. You can ask for a shoulder, I am sure mom will offer her, so you can cry when you feel like. You might think the tears won't stop. But this is what sadness tries to convince you of. This is wrong. Your tears will stop. You will have control over your sadness and, believe me, as you so often noticed, even in session with me, when you do let the crying outside, you will feel so much better inside. These tears are too hard to hold inside.

I also wanted you to know that I saw how hard you have been struggling with dad's death and how hard you have been trying to improve your grades at school. Depression and grief constantly try to take the best of you, Mike. It is so hard to resist.

But I want you to know I have seen that all the struggles, all the effort you do to survive, to enjoy life, despite this horrible catastrophe that happened. I also know, because you told me, why you want to be happy, because as you said this is "what Dad wanted for me". And my guess is that Dad would just be so proud of who you are and who you became and he would know all the struggles you are going through.

Tell me again Mike. You know I am really curious I was just wondering: How many steps, would you say you are climbing on the scale of liberating yourself from the snouts of depression?

- ✚ What does it tells you about you?
- ✚ Do you think you are closer or further away to your happiness and well being now as opposed to few weeks ago?
- ✚ Who would know first that you have made these accomplishments?
- ✚ Who would be the most proud of you?
- ✚ Did the progresses you've made give you any idea about further steps that you might take to reclaim your life from this tough and painful depression?
- ✚ What do you think Dad would say if he could be around around?
- ✚ Do you think Dad would be happy with the idea of you being happy?

These are some thoughts I had and some questions I wondered about. You do not have to answer them, only if you want to if you to. Respond to the one that inspire you, if you wish.

In alliance with helping you to reclaim your life from sadness and grief¹.

I want you to know Mike that even though you have suffered a great loss, you struck me as a young man who is already almost everything your father could have hoped for.

Take care. I care.

See you next Tuesday. I am looking forward to our next meeting.

Fabienne Kuenzli-Monard, MA.

¹ . I wish to express my most complete gratitude and borrow the expression of my masters here Michael White and David Epston, who so gracefully offered first this beautiful expression in therapeutic letters.

